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Prolouge

A red Tom stood near a huge rock as he watched a kit be born. The Tom was a StarClan cat. "One of those kits can't be made like the others," He said.

A brown cat She-cat came toward the Tom. "Yes, Sparkkit. We can't see the future, but that kit may end up like you."

The red Tom, who happens to be named Sparkkit, replied, "We need strong warriors. And if that kit doesn't succeed, the Clans may be...over. But StarClan can't keep track of those powerful and weak cats."

The brown She-cat frowned. "Sparkkit, we just can't let this go on. I know you only care about your own Clan. You grew up in CloudClan. But LightningClan needs your help."

"I know, Horseclaw. But it was my past that made me not honor any Clan but my own," Sparkkit said.

Horseclaw looked up and said, "We must give them a warning."

Chapter 1

The kit scrambled out of the She-Cat. Her eyes where shut tighter than kits were supposed to have there eyes shut when they were kits. Her mother stared at the kit. The kit was grey with long fur. Under the fur had some shiny stuff the kit was born with. "What is that?" The She-Cat asked the medicine cat.

"I don't know, but it may be....the kit may be special," Dogleaf, the medicine cat, explained. Her whiskers twitched in amusment of the kit's shiny markings under the fur.

"I name her Starkit," The She-Cat said, her eyes still locked on the shine under the kit's fur.

Applepaw, Dogleaf's apprentice, walked into the nursery. "Hey where is the shiny stu--" He stared at the kits shiny under its fur and his question he figured out. Applepaw obviously overheard their conversation about the shine on the kit.

Starkit started padding around in blind circles, tripping every now and then. Her eyes were painfully shut tighter than other kits', making her give some helpless small yowls and meows.

"Her eyes are shut tight!" Applepaw exclaimed, his redish-orangeish fur bristling with unease. "It's shutting tighter every second!" He yowled as the fear scent came all over the den, casting other cats to see what was happening. "It could kill her!"

CHAPTER 2

It was a couple moons from when Starkit was born. Dogleaf kept a good eye on the mischief kit. But Starkit still had the shine under her fur, but her eyes were open wider than a kit's eyes are supposed to when they open them.

Dogleaf didn't know why the kit was like this, but she didn't give up on the kit.

The She-Cat walked in. "Is Starkit okay?" She asked as her tail swished nervously.

"Skyscar, she has to have time. You know how some kits are." Dogleaf chewed some herbs and gave them to the kit, but Starkit refused to eat the herbs. "And, she won't eat!" Dogleaf added nervously, as Skyscar noticed an edge to Dogleaf's voice.

Applepaw suddenly walked in. "Hey, how is Starkit?" He asked playfully.

"She is doing f--" Skyscar started, trying not to make the medicine apprentice too nervous about the young kit but she was cut off by Dogleaf.

"NO! She is not okay! She...how dare you think she is fine!" Dogleaf spat at Applepaw. She was caring, with some attitude in her.

Starkit gave a short yowl, then meowed. "Mama!"

Skyscar looked at Starkit, her eyes wide. "Her first word!" She smiled at the small shiny kit who had called her mama.

Dogleaf smiled at Starkit. "Good kit!" She encouraged.

Chapter 3

Starkit ran out of the nursery into the open. The fresh air brushed at her pelt. Then she felt herself being pushed back inside. "Mama!" She exclaimed. "I wanna go play outside!